SAY YOU'D FUCK SATAN

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SATIN LIVES

RICKY FOREVER

- Frances L. P. K.

"We're here," he said as softly as a loving mother putting her child to sleep. Ricky Kasso stopped walking and gestured across the street to the Northport Public Library. Covered in moss and constructed of old, red bricks, it looked flagrantly historical.

"Wow, Ricky Kasso!" I exclaimed, surprisedly, "I didn't know you liked reading!"

"Well," he explained, "Most libarys are for fags but this one's cool. They have books about the devil." He smiled like the Ricky Kasso I'd met outside the Mobil gas station. "Hold on, I gotta take a piss." Ricky Kasso sneaked around the corner of the unprecedentedly historical library and took a flagrantly fragrant leak. "Alright, come on." He grabbed my wrist and led me inside.

TO BE CONTINUED...

His cum was black. His eyes were bulging as hard as his cock. His hair, wild as a lion's mane, sprung up into ram-like horns above his chiseled face. "Say you'd fuck Satan," he grunted at me, angrily, his hands around my throat, "SAY YOU'D FUCK SATAN!"

Ricky Kasso was peculiar. I'd seen him hanging around the Mobil gas station most nights when I'd go out and walk my dog. He was always with a few other kids; they'd laugh and chase each other around teasingly, passing joints back and forth. He wore band shirts: AC/DC, Black Sabbath, anything with a deep relation to darkness. I could tell he was an old soul. Probably Norwegian in his ancestry, or Canadian. It took me years to work up the courage to approach him, but when school let out for the summer before junior year, I felt I had nothing to lose.

June 6th, 1984: I stood on the corner of the Mobil and waited for his friends to head into the store before I walked up to him, nervously.

"Hey," I muttered, stomping my cigarette out on the blacktop, "You're Ricky Kasso, right?" He was infamous. A dropout, a dope dealer, a vandal. He turned to face me and smirked.

"And you are?" I instantly came.

“I–uh–I’m Freena,” I stuttered, pulling up my tube top. “I just–I’ve seen you around before and, uh, yeah I noticed your AC/DC shirt…I like them, too, and–”

“Name three songs,” he interrupted. My heart sank. I couldn’t. He saw the dread behind my eyes and the wobbling of my lip and began to laugh. “Thought so,” he scoffed. My eyes began to well up with tears and I faked a sneeze to mask my emotions.

“Curse you!” he snickered. When I asked him what he meant by that he picked the inverted pentagram emblem up off of his chest and grinned. The only thing I could think at this point was “*What the hell?*” I was so incredibly confused and aroused at the same time. I stood there ogling at his wavy locks and pronounced cheekbones while Ricky Kasso stared off into the distance with the roach of a joint between his index finger and thumb, held up to his misshapen mouth.

“Yo, Acid King!” The moment shattered as his goonies rolled out of the store one-by-one, beers in hand. “Where to now? Gazebo?”

Ricky Kasso nodded at his friends and waited for them to walk off a bit before turning back to me and whispering, “Tomorrow night. 11 o’clock. Meet me right here.” Within a second, he was gone – a shadow disappearing into the darkness as I stood alone under the fluorescent lights of the gas pumps.

"UP!" Ricky Kasso commanded in a deep growl, releasing my body from its paralysis. I sat up amenably and in shock, gasping for air as Ricky Kasso smiled sweetly, giving me a loving little slap on the face before turning to face the path out of the woods and alerting me that we now had somewhere to be.

"Let's go, babe," he said, defiantly, looking away from me. He glanced over to make sure I was getting dressed and I noticed that his eyes had returned to their normal shade of sparrow blue. I put on my new tank top as Ricky Kasso rolled up a dust joint and subsequently followed Ricky Kasso out of the woods, feeling used and afraid.

By the time we'd reached town it was nearing 4 o'clock, and Ricky Kasso had smoked the entire joint to the dome, without sharing any.

"Come on, babe," Ricky Kasso said, annoyed, "Hurry up, we gotta get somewhere!" Ricky Kasso reached into his pocket, turning back to glare at me as I followed closely behind, trying to keep up. He pulled out his wallet and flipped through the few singles he had left to find the last of his LSD.

"Can I have some, Ricky Kasso?" I asked nervously, catching up to him.

"SHUT UP!" He retorted with a scowl I'd never seen and threw back the remaining 10 or so hits of acid. We walked fast for about another mile and his mood began to change.

over exhaustedly onto his side, right next to me. I turned my head over to face him and reached out to caress his hollow face, tracing his thin, shapely eyebrow with the pad of my pretty thumb. I smiled at Ricky Kasso with love in my eyes and wanted to tell him he'd never fucked me better, but he just stared blankly past me, breathing heavily. His big eyes were black. His...silken cum...was...black!? I noticed a dark, syrupy smear on Ricky Kasso's forehead from where I'd just run my sticky fingers across his porcelain face and sat up hurriedly, noticing a black viscous substance leaking out from my slit. It was smeared all over his giant demon cock and our crunchy, deluged mattress. I didn't know what to do so I started to get up and frantically try to clean myself off when Ricky Kasso grabbed me by my long, tangled pigtails abruptly and yanked me back down onto our unholy bed.

"Not yet, babe." Ricky Kasso gripped my neck like a gator grips its prey and spat velvet black sputum onto my face, cackling maniacally while his osseous, bare chest undulated rapidly like tidal waves slapping up against a seawall in a hurricane. With his Stygian eyes alone, Ricky Kasso held me down as I layed immobile on the bed, watching him lick up the black cum he'd left oozing out of my pussy and smear it with his tongue onto my chest in an upside-down cross formation.

"Satan, Satan, Satan," Ricky Kasso mumbled, tracing the cum drawing with his sharp fingernails and bulging dark eyes. "Satan, Satan, Satan..."

***June 7th, 1984*:** I woke up late that day feeling…Nervous? Horny? Excited? Afraid? I couldn't tell. I tore through my closet trying to pick out the best possible outfit for my meeting with Ricky Kasso later. *Perfect* – another tube top: black denim with blue pinstripes, a Tripp miniskirt: white vinyl with a black zipper down the front, and my favorite worn in black chucks. I clipped in my pink feather hair extension and tied my blonde and blue locks in low pigtails. I was ready.

That day felt like a year. I paced around my room thinking of what I would say to Ricky Kasso, studying the song titles and album names of his favorite bands, and painting pictures in my head of our future life together. Finally, the clock struck 10 and I could get going. I packed a bag with my walkman and *Pornography* by The Cure, my diary, a condom I took from the school nurse's office last year, and and an eyeliner pencil. I snuck out past my parents and dog and headed over to the Mobil.

I was a few minutes early, so I went into the store and tried to buy a 6-pack of Budweiser. The clerk rolled his eyes at me and told me to scram, so I went back outside, defeated, and sat on the curb waiting for Ricky Kasso.

Just a few minutes after 11, he sauntered up alone in his beat-up motorcycle boots and flicked me a smile. "Hi, Freena," he said. His words cut me like a thousand razors in my gut. I got up and smiled back at him, twirling my hair feather.

“Um, I tried to buy some beer for us but the asshole working the counter wouldn’t let me,” I explained with embarrassment.

“Oh, don’t worry,” chuckled Ricky Kasso, flashing his appetizing teeth, “We don’t need any beer where we’re going… Hit this.” He handed me what I thought was a marijuana joint. I hated the pot but partook anyway to impress him, and we started walking, like two stray cats in the hot night.

We arrived at ye olde Cow Harbour Park, where Ricky Kasso and his Lost Boy friends usually stood around in the weathered gazebo doing crazy drugs and howling jokerically at passerbys. Ricky Kasso reached into the inside pocket of his oversized, black leather jacket and pulled out a can of black spray paint.

“Watch this,” he said to me with a crazy smirk as he popped the plastic top off and hopped up onto the splintered, wooden railing of the popular party gazebo. Hanging almost upside-down, Ricky Kasso reached his pale, veiny arm high up above his gorgeous head and began to vandalize the high ceiling of the aging gazebo like a badass: S-A-T-I-N. I was fucking wet in an immediate instant.

“*Satin?*” A dweeb friend of his stonedly chortled.

“It says SATAN, you fucking idiot!” Ricky Kasso angrily lashed back, thrustily hurling the rusted spray can at his stupid friend’s small head, just barely missing. *God, he was super hot when he was mad.*

pentagram on it out of his back pocket and handed it to me, before brushing the dried mud off my tits and pinching my nipples with a devilish grin.

"Ricky Kasso," I moaned longingly, "Come here...Do you love me still?"

Ricky Kasso ignored my question swiftly and thrust his dusty, bony fingers into my unyielding pussy, holding me down staunchly on the bed by my fragile neck. I lustfully gasped and pulled his distressed bootcut jeans down with my perfect feet, revealing his perfect, mammoth-sized cock, as stiff as an Antarctic glacier and pulsating like the tectonic plates underneath the earth's surface, as he slid his patent leather grommet belt out of its loopholes and flipped me agily over onto my supple tummy, roughly binding my sturdy ankles together with his dangerously attractive belt. Ricky Kasso howled ferociously at the open, inky sky like an ancient wolf galloping into battle, before slamming his monstrous, ghastly cock inside me like a gun. I screamed in ecstasy with my sweating pig face scraping up against the crusted mattress, and he told me to shut the fuck up. It was like a googolplexian amount of fireworks exploded in my pleasure sensors circuit – limitless.

After what seemed like one thousand immaculate hours of reaching all the right spots and using and abusing my small, soft body to his stained heart’s content, Ricky Kasso yelped, "SATAN! SATAN! SATAN!" and grunted like a rugged ox at a bullfight, pulling his quivering member out of my tight, swampy twat and falling

divini regis et custos cordis mei…" There was an inverted pentagram branded onto the handle.

As Ricky Kasso cackled into the night sky wielding his new weapon of the Underworld, I sat back and watched him, drooling on myself with thoughts I didn't dare speak aloud, neon green with envy of his newfound love. Ricky Kasso laughed himself to sleep on the mountain of ashes as I crawled back to our mattress and touched myself to the memory of him sliding his dirty, burnt fingers in and out of my my sopping wet cunt. Tears quietly streamed down my face as I realized I was no longer his number one bitch, and I solemnly fell asleep.

June 18th, 1984: I woke up alone on our mattress and looked around the encampment, but Ricky Kasso was nowhere to be found. Suddenly, footsteps approached.

"Where have you *been*?" I asked suspiciously as Ricky Kasso poked his head out from behind the trees. With a gleeful smile on his face, Ricky Kasso sauntered towards me in his worn-out jeans and a brand new Black Sabbath t-shirt.

He planted a gentle kiss on my lips, holding my face with his warm, rough hand and said, "I went to the Midway, babe. I needed to boost some new clothes. Here, I got you this." He pulled a hot pink wife beater with a black embroidered

"You spelled it wrong, dumbass!" The drunken flock of twisted minors bursted out into a fit of raging laughter, flagrantly spilling their half-empty beers and flagrantly dropping their burnt-out joints everywhere. Ricky Kasso jumped down from the rotting railing with the agility of a swift and endangered leopard and screamed, "Shut up, you fucking faggots!" before grabbing my arm tightly and leading my ass off. *Wow*. His hands were cold, and ginormous. His grip was flagrant like the weight of a thousand black oceans.

"Those guys are idiots," Ricky Kasso exclaimed animatedly at me as we stormed away like scourned children at recess, one incredibly long arm still gripping my thin wrist with the most powerful might and the other waving around flagrantly in the thick air. "They don't know anything!"

"But aren't they your friends?" I asked, timidly, twirling my beautiful golden pigtail.

"Come back with the drugs, man!" A disembodied voice shouted from behind us.

Ricky Kasso looked at me with seething disgust and flagrantly mumbled, "Some friends they are. I'm glad I have you, babe. You like my tag, right?" We locked eyes as his cinnamon waves blew across his skeletal face and in that moment, I realized he was the one.

“Where are we going now?” I asked, flagrantly. Ricky Kasso wouldn’t say but grabbed my pulsating wrist even tighter, soaking my small panties even more. We approached a wooded area and Ricky Kasso tore down some branches and bramble like a lumberjack at work to reveal a lightly beaten path. He looked me deep in my algae-colored eyes with a maliciously knowing smile and I could see the fire in his macabre soul awakening. Or maybe it was just that the joint we'd flippantly smoked had been clandestinely laced with Ricky Kasso's favorite mystical vice: PCP.

Either way, he led me through the blackening dark for what felt like timeless hours – so many long, beautiful timeless hours…Scintillatingly dewy ferns brushing my amazed face, his extensively interminable arms brushing my inflamed Tripp-clad body, the scowling breeze brushing our newly entwined skeletal souls.

“We’re here,” he announced, alluringly. My swamp-green eyes burst wide open like the bare moon on a forbidden winter's eve. Ricky Kasso gestured flagrantly to a bare, stained mattress, lain gently across a massive mound of excruciatingly muddy dirt and trash that should've been recycled but was instead making up the confines of Ricky Kasso's wooded lair of sex. I was in shock. It was the most beautiful place I’d ever seen.

“Welcome to my house,” he sang, like an angel (of darkness). Excruciatingly dewy leaves swirled around my inflamed face and Ricky Kasso’s monstrous hands led my small waist to the decrepit bed, slowly and windily. I couldn’t speak. I just

The gurgling fire grew greater and more violent as Ricky Kasso went on chanting indiscernibly, and with a sudden flash of near-blinding light, a sharp, boisterous wind blew it out abruptly like a baby at a birthday party.

"BAPHOMET!" He called out with the power of a trillion hooved bisons trampling two trillion slithering serpents in a massively gargantuan stampede from Hell, "RISE, SATAN, RISE!" Ricky Kasso whispered in tongues into the thick, black smoke, as his entire pale and long body convulsed uncontrollably. I watched Ricky Kasso communicate with some entity invisible to my eyes and wished he would just turn around and notice me as I laid gracefully across the unrecycled beer and soda can pile with my legs spread open and my enflamed pussy exposed for nobody but him to see. "SAAAATAAANNNN!" He moaned like a horse in heat, paying no mind to my burning desire. I tried to include myself in his apparent awakening.

"What do you see, Ricky Kasso?!" I desperately howled at my man to no avail, as he was busy allegedly communicating with the Lord of the Underworld. He shrieked, and with another blinding flash of light, Ricky Kasso collapsed to the ground in front of the smoldering pile of unrecycled trash, his head resting next to what appeared to be a branded knife on top of the rubble, glowing red with heat. The knife was inscribed: FLASHER. Ricky got up and grabbed the knife, proclaiming, “*Aanguinem bibimus, corpus manducamus*. *Hic est gladius Satanae,*

one-million pound elephant as he tore his shirt off, revealing his beautiful emaciated body, covered in scrapes and bruises. From the rubble, I ogled up at Ricky Kasso in his godlike, shirtless delusion and moaned in ecstasy at the thought of him touching me again.

Ricky Kasso jumped up on the penetratingly big rock with his arms outstretched and began screaming at the darkening sky, eyes held tightly shut like clams.

"OH, DARK LORD!" He shouted, his voice echoing through the trees like a landslide, "IT'S ME, RICKY KASSO! SATAN! SATAN! SATAN!" he chanted with the dog at his side, snarling and growling like I'd never seen before. The trees drew darker, thornier, and began to close in on us. I watched from behind him, terrified, immobile, and horny in the mud, as a fire sprouted up from the ground in front of Ricky Kasso, brighter and bluer than a Pink Floyd laser light show…

"HAIL SATAN!" he continued, "I BRING FORTH THIS CANINE UNTO YOU, FOR THE BLOOD OF IT WILL SHOW YOU THAT I AM LIKE TOTALLY FUCKING FOREAL…" Ricky Kasso began to hum Iron Man by Black Sabbath as he lifted my cute dog up with his strong, lanky arms towards the black sky, an inexplicably indescribable expression upon his amazing face.

stared into his ballooning eyes in disbelief that this was all happening so suddenly. I loved it.

Pulling the same tattered AC/DC shirt he was wearing the day before up, off and over his perfectly-sized head, Ricky Kasso stood toweringly before me as I sank violently into the quicksand that was his gorgeous recycled bed, looking up at his alarmingly beautiful face, wholeheartedly admiring his weird, yellow teeth and wild honey butter mane.

“Show me your tits,” he demanded, like my boss. *Wow*, I thought, *he’s so fucking hot and cool*. I watched him rifle through my bag like a daddy raccoon through the trash, tearing the contents out and throwing my things into the woods.

“The Cure *sucks*!” he yelled, tossing my beloved cassette into the growing mound of unrecycled trash. Still entranced by his disarming demeanor, I hadn’t even registered what he’d just said. “SHOW ME YOUR TITS, NOW!” He screamed. It sounded like a million horses galloping at the speed of light through a Rock N’ Roll thunderstorm. My eyes rolled into the back of my head and I tore my shirt off, crawling backwards onto the bed, taunting him: "Take me."

That was the first time Ricky Kasso and I had had sex. It was electrifying. I woke up the next day with bites all over my arms and legs, but to my surprise, they weren’t all from Ricky Kasso… It was scabies – now we were *truly* bonded. We

continued to make love in his encampment all week and he introduced me to the teachings of Anton LaVey and the Church of Satan. I wasn't really interested but Ricky Kasso was so hot and fun that I didn't care. I liked his dark side anyways. We smoked PCP and ate 10-strips, making love, laughing and screaming all day and all night in the woods like maniacs. I giggled at clouds and got sad thinking about my mom, and he spoke to Baphomet about Satanical rites or whatever the fuck. I had never loved anyone more.

June 14th, 1984: Ricky Kasso's friends had begun to get pissed at him for never showing up to parties anymore – they needed their drugs, and their supplier was missing. After another full day of fooling around in the pines, Ricky Kasso with his sexy as fuck eyebrows decided it'd be good if he could make some money because he wanted to buy a knife.

"I need to go the Midway." Ricky Kasso stated calmly as he stared off into the distance with his gorgeous hands in his sexy hair. The Midway was a headshop in town that sold things like bongs, band shirts, lighters, rolling papers, candy bars, pens and pencils, erasers, sodas, water bottles, bubble gum, temporary tattoos, sticky hands, stickers, greeting cards, pocket chains, cigarettes, cigars, incense, matchbooks, lighters, local newspapers, magazines, envelopes, stamps, sewing kits, chewing tobacco AKA snus, trucker pills, black ink, crossword puzzles, and knives

I ran. As fast as I could, I ran out of the woods, fighting my way through the brush and thorns. The branches of the trees that were up until now soft and green scraped my body all over with their hard, black spikes. I emerged out of the woods, panting, and my feet led me back home. I scaled the side of my house with an unknown power and climbed into my room through the window. My dog was sleeping peacefully on my pillow and tears were welling up in my eyes. *I can't*, I thought, *please, God no, Ricky Kasso, no*…

Ricky Kasso's voice echoed like a tsunami forcing a thousand screams out of the mouths of a city's children, "NOW! NOW! NOW!" At this point I noticed I was losing control of my physical self. My nice body gravitated towards my dog slowly and out of my control, my arms clutched him up in a tight hold against my nice chest. I cried and felt my soul escaping my body. Was this death?

Blood dripped down from my neck onto his fur and stained him. He whimpered as I levitated across the room and back out of the window, eyes rolled into the back of my head.

I don't remember the journey back to Ricky Kasso's clearing, but the moment I gained my vision back, I collapsed on the ground and my dog jumped from my arms and ran over to Ricky Kasso, sitting at his feet obediently.

"That's a good boy," he said with a twisted smile. The dog spoke in tongues to Ricky Kasso and he cackled back with delight. "HAIL SATAN!" He roared like a

derangedly possessed-looking stare. I sat on a penetratingly sharp rock near the mattress I now called home with my small arms crossed over my big knees and trembled hornily before him as he trudged like a feral sasquatch through the excruciatingly dirty muddy rubble in my direction. He bent down to my level and just searched inside my open eyes with a toxicly bubbling grin.

"Ricky Kasso…" I started, "Are you o—" He grabbed me by the throat with both hands and threw me to the ground, covering my great body in excruciatingly dirty mud, as my shredded tube top tore off violently from the jagged edges of the garbage that should've been recycled…

Ricky Kasso leered down at me, his demonically hot eyes locked onto my giant, wet tits, covered in excruciatingly muddy dirt. He ran over to this leather Rock 'N' Roll jacket and grabbed a plastic bag out of one of the pockets, tearing it open and swallowing probably 75 hits of acid at once. "Where is your dog?" He whisper-screamed at me with his eyes of fire and funhouse smile.

"He—he's at home, Ricky Kasso," I whimpered, nervous beads of sweat dripping down my large forehead. I couldn't help but notice his giant, throbbing veins pulsating all up and down his malnourished looking arms and skeletal hands. *Horny*.

"Bring him to me," he commanded, "NOW." Ricky Kasso gestured at me with his long, claw-like fingers and lifted me out of my crouch without a single touch.

where Ricky Kasso would sometimes sleep behind if the woods were too wet from the rain. It was also where he conducted a lot of his cool drug deals. His parents had kicked him out for the last time and mine thought I was staying at a friend's beach house for the summer so I couldn't go steal any from home. I wasn't sure why Ricky Kasso needed a knife but I didn't ask questions. I figured it was probably just for carving SATIN into trees with.

We pulled up to the popular party gazebo together, where all his rowdy friends were drinking flavorful beers and smoking fragrant cigarettes and weed, and fragrantly spray painting on the olden, splintered park benches. "Kassooooooooo! It's the Acid King!" They cheered damningly. Ricky Kasso was welcomed back to the gaggle of twisted minors with glee this time, and super excited to rake in the green cash like a daddy raccoon happening upon a freshly filled dumpster. He pulled some crinkled up plastic bags out of his deep, black denim jean pockets and tossed them on the eroded picnic table, which was covered in crude engravings: *666, OZZY, COPS ARE GAY, SATIN*. There were pot joints in one bag, dust in another, and acid in the last. Everybody took what they wanted and handed Ricky Kasso the well-earned money. Party Time.

"Yo, barf bag!" exclaimed Ricky Kasso, wide nostrils widely flared. He was staring menacingly at his one friend, whose name I can't remember now. "Where's my money?"

“Shit, Ricky Kasso, can I get you back tomorrow? It’s only 50 bucks.”

“Whatever, dude,” Ricky Kasso rolled his breathtakingly sexy eyes and sneered, “Don’t fucking forget.”

Barf Bag looked around nervously and dapped Ricky Kasso up, obviously fearing the energy of his immensely powerful glare and fucking monstrous soul.

Something in Ricky Kasso had changed over the course of that week, and everyone could sense it. He was taking longer walks alone, getting dusted more often, and hanging out with this weird, old guy and talking about all that Satanic crap.

One day he came back to our mattress in the woods and rolled up the sleeve of his Ozzy Osbourne shirt revealing a tattoo of an upside cross that his freak old guy friend had given him.

“It’s dope, huh babe?”

“Wow, Ricky Kasso,” I swooned, “It’s totally, like, rad and all that.” I never liked the old guy or cared about the devil stuff but I thought Ricky Kasso’s new tattoo was super fucking hot and totally solidified his bad boy status in my mind, so I let him give me a matching one when he offered. With a sewing needle and some black ink Ricky Kasso had stolen from the Midway, I was forever bonded even furthermore with him as he pierced my skin and left his mark. He licked up the dripping blood and ink and smeared it on my face before effing me senseless.

There was a new, hotter fire in his beautiful-nightmare blue eyes, not like before. His already weird teeth seemed sharper, his pupils wider… His hair even began to curl upwards into two swirling cone shapes, resembling horns on a goat. To this day, I still believe it was all the insanely crazy sex we had that made him change, but I guess no one will ever know for sure.

***June 17th, 1984*:** It had been days and Ricky Kasso still hadn't heard from Barf Bag.

"That little fucker's gonna get it," he threatened gruntingly, "Just wait til he sees what Satan has in store for him."

"Ricky Kasso!" I exclaimed, protectingly of Ricky, "Calm down, it's only 50 bucks."

"Calm down?" He retorted like the loser Grinch who'd just learned he wouldn't be able to stop Santa, "CALM DOWN?!" His waxy eyes shot blue like lasers, yellow as the giant moon, and his greasy hair cracked like a burning whip. Ricky Kasso began to thrash around the encampment, stomping out rusted soda cans that should've been recycled and exploding glass bottles that also should've been recycled on trees like a kid in timeout before turning back to me with a